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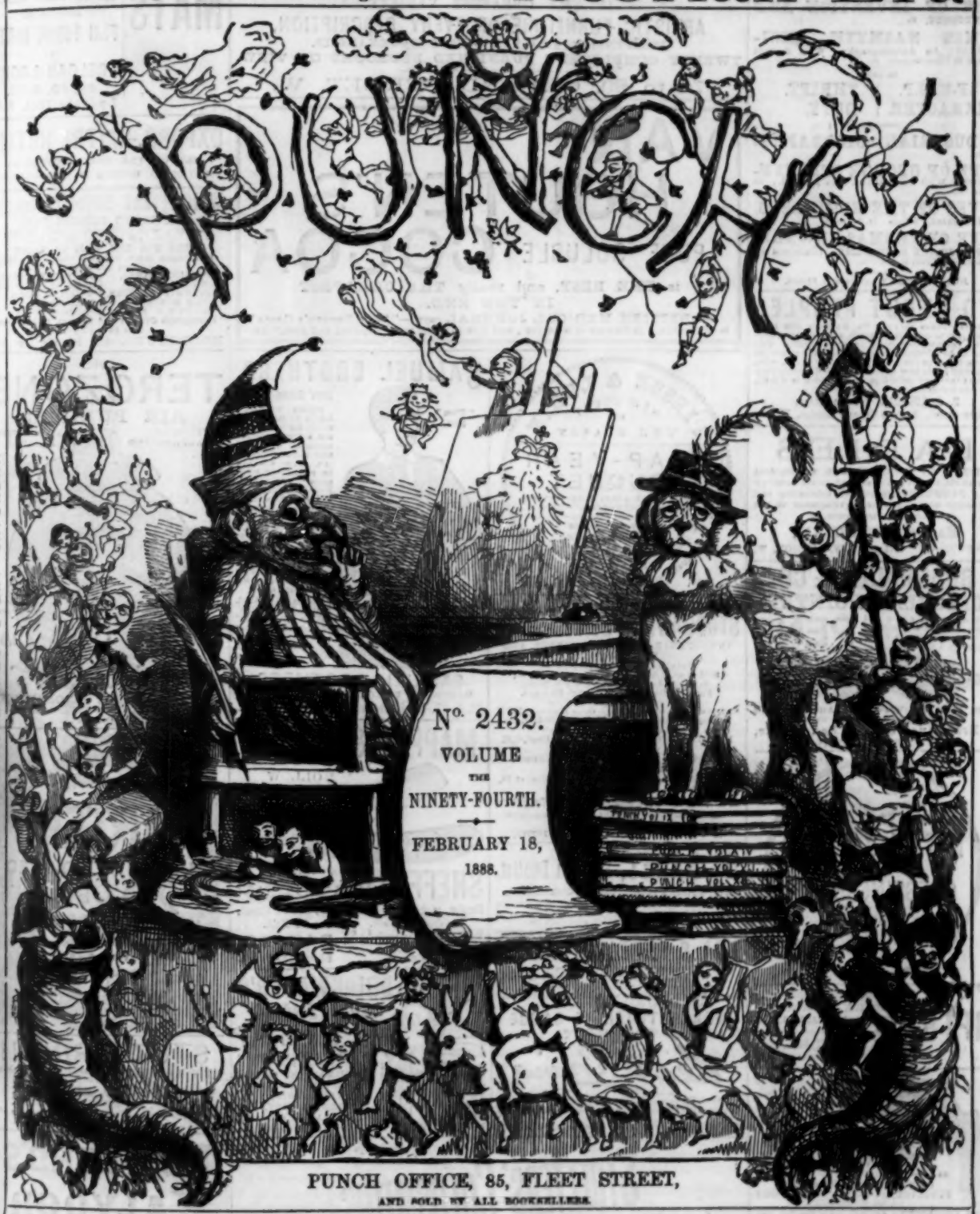

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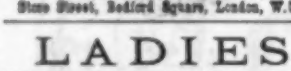

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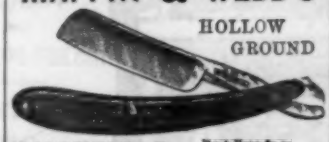

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PRO BONO PUBLICO.

Examiner. Now, Sir, what appointment do you desire to fill?

Candidate. I wish to become Dean of a Cathedral.

E. Certainly. Have you any idea as to your duties?

C. I fancy I am responsible for the building and its contents.

E. Quite right. Now, suppose you or anyone had reasons to believe that the bones of some great historical person were buried in a certain part of the Cathedral, what would you do?

C. I would dig for them.

E. Quite right. And if you did not find them in one place, what would you do?

C. I would dig for them in another.

E. Certainly. Quite right. And if you found them—what next? (*Candidate hesitates.*) Well, what would you do with them? Yes?

C. (*after a pause*). I think I should give them a good washing.

E. Quite correct. And after they had been washed, what next?

C. Well, perhaps it would be well to have them photographed.

E. Unquestionably. And after they had been photographed, what would be your next step?

C. Well, I think I ought to put them somewhere handy, where they would be carefully examined by the scientists.

E. Yes. Well? Where would that be?

C. I can think of no better answer than somebody's drawing-room?

E. And that answer will do admirably. I am so pleased with your replies, that I appoint you Dean until the End of the Chapter. And you may adopt as your motto, "*Otium cum dig.*"

A LESSON IN LAW;

OR, FUSION AND CONFUSION IN THE FUTURE.

SCENE—*Interior of the Hall of an Inn of Court, Student's discovered seated at tables, more or less attentive. Enter two* Porters, *who arrange a table surrounded by long drapery. They then retire, giving place to* Lecturer *who is received with applause. He bows, and gets behind his table.*

Lecturer. Gentlemen, now that in the Legal Profession no distinction is known between Barristers and Solicitors, a Lawyer must be able to appear in many parts. It is not sufficient that he may know how to address a jury or to draw a brief—he must be competent to serve a writ, or possibly to become the Lord Chancellor. Naturally in the latter character he would have many reminiscences of the days of his youth. If you please, I will appear as the Lord Chancellor. (*Stoops down beside the table and re-appears in wig and robe.*) H'm, the Lord Chancellor. (*Applause.*) H'm, ha, h'm. This is a very important matter—so important that I fancy we must take time to consider it and not give our decision—decision I say, until next term. And that reminds me that once when I was engaged in sweeping out the office of some Barsolistor (I was junior partner of the firm at the time), I found a draft of a brief that had never been delivered, and on account of its non-delivery the action had been won. No doubt my Brother beside me will remember the circumstance? (*Altering his voice in reply.*) Certainly. (*Takes off disguise of Lord Chancellor and reappears as himself. Applause.*) Having shown you one of the Prizes of the Profession, I will give you another. I will introduce my friend, Mr. WELLUP, a Chief Clerk in the Chancery Division. This should be more interesting to you than the other illustration, as it is easier to become a Chief Clerk than a Lord Chancellor. (*Laughter, amidst which the* Lecturer *dives beneath his table to reappear dressed as a Chief Clerk of the Chancery Division.*) Mr. WELLUP! (*Cheers and Laughter.*) Now, let me tell you all, that I do not advise anyone to do anything, but if I am asked by the Plaintiff in this cause what he ought to do, I can only say, that were I he, I should certainly take out a summons which might be made returnable in a week asking for whatever it is. And if the Defendant in this cause were to make the same application to me, I should give him the same advice. That is what I should do were I *not* a Chief Clerk, but as I am a Chief Clerk, I give no advice at all! (Lecturer *dives beneath his table and reappears as himself. Applause.*) Having shown you what you may become if you are successful, I will now give a hint of a possible companion fate. My friend, Mr. COSTKILT, having become a Barsolistor, and entering into legal proceedings himself, knowing the ropes, is anxious that everything should go right. (*Disappears and reappears in an old wig and tattered gown.*) Mr. COSTKILT. (*Applause.*) Now tell me, because you know I *do* know all about it, whether everything has had proper attention? Have you got the third account vouched—and the letter for the surrender of the lease posted, and the further observations to the Junior Counsel sent out? And I do hope that the funeral I had to attend did not interfere with my being properly represented when that point about the binding of my wife's life interest was referred to the judge? And you are quite sure that there is not more than five quarters rent to pay for that farm we haven't been able to agree amongst ourselves to let? And you don't think much harm was done by my absenting myself to take my eldest daughter to the scarlet fever hospital when that unsuccessful application was made to have some accumulated income paid to me out of Court. And—(*hesitating*)—and—and you don't think you could advance me five shillings to go on with? (*Loud laughter, amidst which the* Lecturer *resumes his every-day dress.*) And now, Gentlemen, I will conclude my lecture with my last illustration—Mr. JONATHAN BUSYMAN, whom we will suppose is a Barsolistor who has not yet been able to secure a partner. (*Dives under table, and reappears in another character.*) Now let me see which shall I do first—argue before the Court of Appeal, or finish that Bill of Costs? No; can't do either, as I have to serve that writ in Bayswater. But that won't do either, because I have got to take the proof of that Detective in the Probate case. And yet how can I attend to him when I must be in Somerset House searching for that will? Then if I do that, and don't finish the engrossing of that marriage settlement, I shall stop the marriage fixed for to-morrow at St. George's, Hanover Square. And then, if I neglect the dying deposition of the witness at Charing Cross Hospital, and he dies before I get to him, how on earth am I to conduct that case at Bow Street, fixed for some time this afternoon? Not that I couldn't throw over a criminal matter if it would have helped me to appear in the running-down case in the Q. B. D., to cross-examine the coachman this morning. And then, if I do either, the widow may starve if I don't identify her in the Paymaster-General's Department, to enable her to secure her dividends! Not that she couldn't wait if I had but the leisure to finish that opinion about the fraud on the power which I promised should arrive in good time to enable some country clients of mine to make up their minds before they commenced suits for administration over value, and improper conveyance. Well, I can't do all, and if I don't do all, I had better do none; so, as it's a fine day, and I feel in a pleasant frame of mind, I think I shall take a holiday, and go to Southend!

[*Roars of laughter, amidst which the Lecturer retires, and brings the Scene to an agreeable conclusion.*

Treating him Lightly.

"STUFF," says LANKESTER. "Nonsense! I know that I'm right.
On your old effete system I'll let in the light."
Answers OXFORD. "Your light you will please take away.
We can see better far, thanks, without such a *Ray*."

HERCULES IN THE AUGEAN STABLE.

Good luck to you, Hercules! Ply the hose steadily;
Water enough you will need for this task.
All men of honour will back you right readily,
What better sort of "Spring Clean" could they ask?
Augeas himself had not horse-stalls uncleaner;
Alpheus-Peneus combined they might tax.
Those muck-heaps are dear to the fouler and meaner,
But lay your stout Club on their rascally backs.

The Muck-Mammon rules in these realms too completely,
The taint of his touch seems on all, high and low.
To make these vast stalls smell a little more sweetly,
Is quite an heroical task, as things go.

So go it, my Hercules! sluice away smartly;
The place stands in very sore need of a scrub;
And if vested interests in filth should talk tartly,
Just silence the knaves with a tap of that Club!

Doves with a Difference.—Almost all over Europe it appears that carrier-pigeons are in course of being trained for service in the event of War. All pigeons are doves, but the Continental carrier-pigeon is evidently a bird of quite another feather than the ideal dove that allegorically bears the olive-branch. Perhaps, however, it will be branches of Bitter Olives that these War pigeons will carry.

House of Commons, Thursday Night, February 9.—Saunderson quite unhappy. Came down early this afternoon prepared for exciting doings. Air full of rumour of war. Duncan, under cover of seconding the Address, came down armed to the teeth. Parnellites were to raise question of Privilege; Old Morality was to introduce his new pounce; and Arthur Balfour had ten Policemen disguised as waiters in the dining-room. At given signal they were to enter and arrest every Irish Member on the premises. Hadn't been such a glorious prospect for years. Nothing to equal it—except the absolute flatness of the night's events. No question of Privilege; no arrests. The disguised waiters had nothing to "take up" but the dinner. Ministerialists brought down by urgent Whip left the House by scores when their Leader rose to continue debate; before midnight whole thing miserably died out.

"Duncan comes here to-night."
"The gracious Duncan!"
Macbeth.

Gladstone hopelessly infected with prevailing spirit. Followed Mover and Seconder of Address. "Now we'll have it," said Saunderson, shifting shillelagh to left-hand coat-tail pocket. But we didn't have it at all. Gladstone almost blessed Ministers, approved their programme, and promised assistance in making it a legislative Session.

"Call that a Grand Old Man?" the Colonel muttered between clenched teeth; "*I* call him a Mild Old Muff."

Up to last moment some hope lingered round Pyne. After hanging out on his castle walls for weeks and months, turned up to-day under the very nose of Arthur Balfour.

"So you've let yourself down to this?" said Laicaita, looking in to hear the writ moved for Dundee. "Better where you were. As for me, can't approve the way Opposition is carried on, so gave up my seat. If you could spare a quarter of an hour, I'd explain, in fuller detail, my reasons for resigning."

"Excuse me," said Pyne. Whipped out coil of rope which was wound round his waist; hitched one end over rail of Peers' Gallery with neatness only attainable after long practice; went up hand over hand with amazing celerity.

"Don't wait," he said looking down on amazed ex-Member for Dundee. "Think I see a Policeman coming."

"How very abrupt!"

"How very abrupt!" Laicaita said, gladder than ever he had left the House of Commons. *Business done.*—Address moved.

Friday Night.—"They've picked Pyne at last, *I* hear," said Wilfrid Lawson to Sage of Queen Anne's Gate.

"Well," said Sage, "he was getting a little over-ripe, don't you think? A man can't hang out for months over his castle wall, even in Ireland, without going to the bad."

Incidents of the arrest quite dramatic. When Pyne left House early this morning, Police on his track—but he got away. Might have been all right if he'd stayed away. But duty first. So he took penny 'bus to bottom of Parliament Street. Observed Police in charge of main gateways to Palace Yard; skirted railings, descended steps by Clock Tower. A few more steps, and he would be safe within the precincts.

"I must dissemble," said the Châtelain of Lisfarny Castle. So he thrust his hands in his pockets, raised his shoulders in [vain] attempt to hide his face, and vaguely whistled "*Erin Go Bragh.*" But all in vain. Hawk eye of policeman spotted him. "Mr. Pyne, I presume?" said representative of Law and Order, just as if he had come upon Dr. Livingstone in the wilds of Central Africa.

A Pyne, who requires a great deal of forcing.

Pyne's hand at his belt like flash of lightning. In another moment rope would have been unwound, and he would have been half-way up the Clock Tower. But the Policeman too quick for him. Seized the rope, which served conveniently for binding the prisoner, and so he was carried off to the lowest dungeon beneath the Castle Moat.

At least, that's what Joseph Gillis tells me. The sketch was taken by Our Own Artist, who was providentially on the spot.

This pretty well to begin with. But more to follow. Soon as Speaker had taken Chair, Gilhooly rose and gave notice, "On Monday to ask for leave to bring in a Bill for the better housing of the working-classes." A seraphic smile crossed Arthur Balfour's face as he listened. "My dear friend," he sweetly murmured, "I have made arrangements for your own better housing long before Monday."

Chief Secretary was overheard. Report got wind, and Gilhooly was marked as a doomed man. Everybody said he would be arrested when he left the House.

"Then why leave it?" said Joey B. "I've slept on two chairs in the Lib'ry meself. If you'll be lonely, we'll keep the House sitting all night to wake you. Only say the word."

Gilhooly pressed the patriot's hand, but too moved to say any word. Walked about the House; took affectionate leave of familiar places. House up at quarter-past eleven. Gilhooly walked forth with unfaltering step. Crowd of Members followed in silent procession. Big Ben tolled forth the half-hour. Most impressive scene. Only wanted presence of Chaplain to complete analogy that struck everybody. At the gateway Policeman posted. At proper cue, Gilhooly arrested, and, for better housing, taken over to police cell in Whitehall Place. *Business done.*—Irish minority reduced by two.

"Hall Marked."—Clever Mr. S. Hall, of the Chancery Bar, has just "taken silk." As a leader, he should be "on velvet."

SNOB-SNUBBING.

"A—my People, Miss Devereux, came into England with *Strongbow*, you know!" "Are you quite sure it wasn't *Longbow*, Mr. Snobson?"

OUR "JUNIOR CLASSIC" AGAIN.

Dear Old P.,

I must just *begin* in English. I'll go on into Latin in a minute, only I find I can't talk so *freely* in Latin. Here I am, back at school, and *I've got my remove!* I feel no end of a swell. As my Pater says, "perhaps I shall blossom out into a Porson some day"—though who Porson was I don't know, only I think he was some classical bloke or other—Lars Porsona, I think he used to be called.

Well, your request that I should tackle the letter of Wykehamistus, who strangely objects to being called a Wykeham*ite*, reached me yesterday, and I feel no end flattered. I wish you hadn't said I had better answer it in Latin. However, here goes.

Excursus

(*I think that's what they call it*), *de litterâ alicujus Wykehamsti, et de nomine* "Wykehamistus," *et* "Wykehamitus."

Primum, permitte me observare ut tuus correspondens est ad culpam quum scribit Latinè. Objectit ut nomen "Wykehamitus" non est proprium, et demandat explanationem "quum proxime tuus papyrus eveniet." Hoc est vere caninum pro "as soon as your paper comes out." Sed prætermitto hoc, quod ascribo ad factum ut hic pauper socius non est Etonensis; nunc ad rem!

Terminatio *ist* occurrit sæpe. Ut *whist* (ludus) *kist* (signalis ut Magister appropinquat) *kist* (paulo-post-perfectum de *kiss*, osculare). Vide de hoc Madvig, "de Particulis Latinis," vol. 26. Vide quoque "Grammaticam" Boppi (illius Germani), si vis. (Sed hoc non adviso. Bopp, quamquam eruditus, est valde aridus et incomprehensibilis, ut mos est Teutonicus.) Adde *ist* ad Wykeham, et habes "Wykehamistus," decens Latinum. Ego prefero "Wykehamensis," ut "Etonensis." Id sonat melius. Sed forsitan non sum absolutè impartialis in hâc re. Sine dubio, propriissimum nomen pro pueris Scholæ ad Winchester est "Wincastrensis." Quare "Wykeham," careo noscere? Erat homo appellatus Gulielmus de Wykeham, sum awarus, qui fundavit (nonne?) illam scholam. Sed Johannes Lyon fundavit Harroviam; et non appellamus Harrovienses pueros "Lyonistos."

Terminatio *ite* est quoque bonum Latinum; aliquo modo, id est satis bonum pro me. Vide *Hittite* (antiqua natio pugilistica) *John Bright* (notus Anglicus orator), et alia. Ergo quia non *Wykehamite?* (Vide Bopp, ut ante.)

Considero id potius bucoam scribere ad te, Punche, ut "Wykehamistus" scribit. Si esset Etonensis, id esset differens. Sed forte non sum impartialis, ut dixi.

Percipis ut treatavi subjectum in serio lumine. Chumus mei suggerit ut id debet treatari in veno Doctoris Watts—videlicet—

How doth the little Wykehamist
To waste his time delight,
In writing notes of which the gist
Is, "Why called Wykehamite?"

Sed non considero hoc dignum occasionis. Spero ut dedi multam satisfactionem in hoc excursu. Habui swottere ad id, ego possum dicere tibi. Sed unum verbum antequam ego finio. Da mihi aures tuas et ego tibi reddam, ut dicit Shakspearius. Cur non derivatio sic "*Wykamus*" (subaudi "puer") id est, Wykham ("Boy" understood), "*Mitis*" gentle (iterum subaudi "*puer*"), *i.e.*, "gentleboy,"—nam "puer est pater homini," cum Divinus Gulielmus Shakspearius habet (ad minus sic ego puto) unde derivatur "Gentleman,"—et ambo simul, id est, "Wykamus" et "mitis" formant "Wykamite." Majus complimentarium id, est-ne? Hoc me vapulat ut unum genus conundri, sic, meum primum est "Wykamus," meum secundum est "mitis" (subaudi "puer" ut supra) et meum totum est nomen pueri in statu publici pupillari, quod transfero "public schoolboy." Vide? Non malum, est-ne? "Vale et iterum vale," cum cantat poeta, et dixit tuus veritabile

Tommius (*Etonensis.*)

AN ANGEL'S VISIT;

Or, The Artist's First Commission.

An hour ago and the world was gray,—
A thoroughly Bloomsbury kind of day,—
When you think of the bills that you cannot pay,
And turn from beautiful thoughts away,
Like a sulky child from kisses,
And wonder how poets sweet things can say
Of a world so chilly and hard and gray,
Where the wise are gloomy, and fools are gay
With their sorrowful, sordid bliss.

My hopes were low, and my heart was sore,
For a soul's mosaic litter'd the floor,
While vile pot-boilers the easels bore,
And the kettle croon'd of the cheap tea-store,
On smouldering coals that waved of yore
In a graveyard antediluvian,
When there came a tap at the studio-door—
Such golden music ne'er heard before
The treasure-seeker who strikes a crore
Of buried rupees, or the hidden ore
Of Incas in vaults Peruvian.

The rain was lashing the windows high,
As if in spite of the brilliant sky
That lives in my picture of last July,
My holiday record of last July,
My only relic of Summer,
When a wide-eyed welcome of brightest sun
Spread all the room over, and dwelt upon
The hyacinth's clusters of cinnamon
To welcome the sweet new-comer.

Then the veteran chair with a missing limb,
And all that was common and mean and grim,
Grew suddenly seemly, and fine and trim,
Like courtliest old-world lovers;
For a luminous beauty around her flowed,
And her face like the waking of morning glowed,
And her hair like crag in a hollow road
Where a leafy sunlight hovers.

Now I hear but her nightingale melody,
Though her brother, I think, talked more than she,
And they didn't say half as much to me
As they found to say to each other;
But every tone of her crisp, clear notes
Like a water-lily on silence floats,
Though dizzied memory vainly quotes
What she came about with her brother.

She has taken the loneliness all away,
And only the grace and the comfort stay;
And the light that she leaves is so pure and bright
That rain and wretchedness merely make
A beautiful rainbow for her sake,
Who found the room in a doleful plight

And a life hung over with shadows,
And out of her bounty has made it gay,
As the lowliest cottage is brave in May
With the cowslip bell and the hawthorn spray,
And all the spoil of the meadows.

And I settle down to the sober light
When the glory is tidied away for the night,
And shy sweet odours can take the air—
Too delicate for the noonday glare
And the romping games of the burly bee—
And, marring the calmness greatly,
Hard chafers suddenly seize your hair,
And bats zig-zag like a tailless kite,
And solemn owls with their silent flight
Winnow the dimness that soon will flee
As the red moon rises stately.

LANDING OF WILLIAM AT DOVER.

Manners and Customs of ye English as exemplified by G. O. M. and the Revenue Officer.

"My name it is William Ewart Gladstone,
Not baccy, nor brandy, nor Tauchnitz, I own
Not even one bottle of Eau de Cologne."
(*Aside to himself.*)
But just half a bottle, and so 'tis a fact
I haven't *one* bottle, I must be exact.
* * * *
He sang on landing, spick and span,
"England expects the G. O. Man,
This day to do his duty."
[*Cheers from everybody, and off by train.*

TESTIMONIAL TO THE SITUATION.

On the opening of Parliament (when the last Term of the Silly Season expires) a crowded Meeting was held to express the thanks of the Silly Season Subjects for the very efficient aid rendered to them during their session by the European Situation.

The Chair was taken by the Sea Serpent, who was supported by the Gigantic Gooseberry, and several members of the great Vegetable Family, Messrs. Mumpsimus and Sumpsimus, the Weather and the Parks, Dr. Odium Medicum, Shacon and Bakespeare, who looked very much worn out, and a number of well-known *habitués* of the Silly Season.

The Chair-Serpent said he was very glad to see so large and so thoroughly representative a gathering of his fellow subjects. They had this season been relieved of a certain amount of hard and thankless work by the noble endurance, the unexampled staying power, of his honoured friend, he was proud to call him a friend (he hoped he *might* call him friend), the European Situation. He was perhaps the *doyen* of the herd, but he saw around him to-night many who had served the Press and the Public well for more years than he cared to remember, and they were all treated like snakes, a thing that you first make use of and then kick. This was not the treatment they deserved. They were all fathers of families. They were all fill-up pars, at any rate. (*Laughter.*) He begged to move a vote of thanks to the Situation—a Situation which it was not too much to say, above all other situations, was the situation—he said, this Situation—well, he might not be much of a speaker, but he hadn't dined yet, and he didn't mean to be laughed at. (*Dead silence, in which the Speaker joined.*)

The Eclipse of the Moon, who spoke rather hazily, said it was his privilege to second the proposal. He was not a very regular member, but from circumstances over which he had no control he had lately come a good deal before the public. The European Situation rather resembled his own; it was cloudy—(*laughter*)—but the clouds had not prevented his going on eclipsing, and he was sure that no clouds however threatening, would prevent the European Situation, from continuing to situate in a good old European way. (*Loud cheers.*)

The Weather and the Parks rose together, and as neither showed any determination to give way, they spoke in unison. They begged the indulgence of their friends, for taking a prominent part, but the fact was that they (the Weather and the Parks) represented a large number of kindred subjects—Primroses in Devonshire, Whirlwinds at Kilburn, Blizzards, and a Remarkable Atmospheric Phenomenon—and had been deputed to support the resolution.

A Bird did not want to interrupt the harmony of the meeting, but he had made a nest in a Cat's cradle, and he thought if they wanted a situation that ought rather to suit them. It wasn't exactly European, but it was precarious.

At this period some disturbance was caused by the appearance of the Irish Question, accompanied by Mr. O'Brien's ——es.

Mr. O'Brien's ——es protested against this toadying to a mere European Situation. They (Mr. O'Brien's ——es) didn't care a button for the Situation. (*Cries of "Question!" during which the* Irish Question *put its thumb to its nose, and extended its fingers towards Messrs.* Shacon *and* Bakespeare, *who hadn't the slightest idea what the disturbance was about.*) On the Chair-Serpent endeavouring to restore order, Mr. O'Brien's ——es called out, "What's that annyway? Did ever ye hear of St. Pathrick now?" (*Loud cries of "Order!"*)

The Sea Serpent said he was in a very painful position, as snakes were not accustomed to chairs in private life. He was reluctantly compelled to name Mr. O'Brien's unmentionables, if they would excuse the paradox. They were not on in this scene at all, and had not a leg to stand upon.

The Speed of the Race Horse, and the Habits of Ants concurred, and the intruders were bundled out.

The Gigantic Gooseberry, who was very warmly received, said it was all very well to talk about the Silly Season, but for his part he considered one paragraph about the wonders of nature, even if they were purely imaginary (he meant no disrespect to the Chair), more interesting than a column of speeches about what the speaker didn't understand, addressed to listeners who didn't want to hear. (*Applause.*) He supported the motion.

The vote of thanks was carried unanimously, and briefly acknowledged by The Situation in a few well-chosen phrases, and the company disappeared into oblivion for the Parliamentary Session—except the guest of the evening, who is understood to be preparing a surprise for the Special Correspondents.

ONE DEGREE BETTER.

"The honorary degree of Mus. Doc. is to be conferred on Herr Joachim by decree of Convocation on Tuesday."—*Times.*

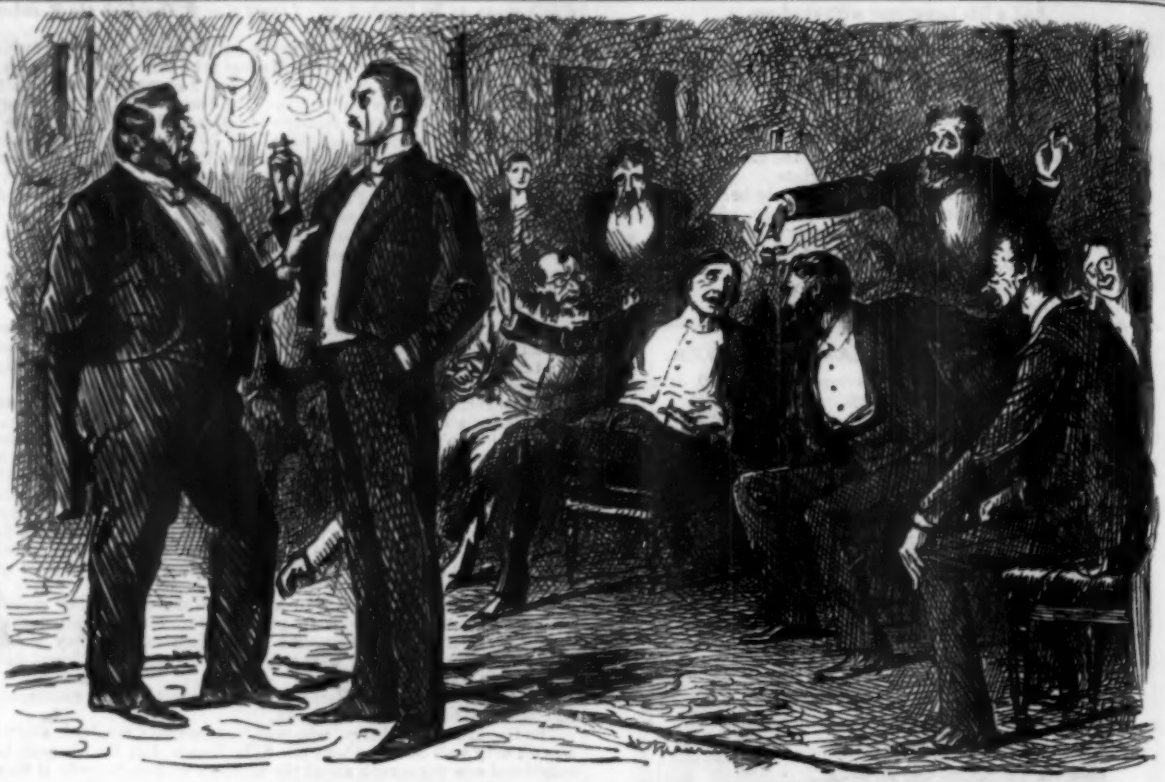
Some difficulty was experienced in fitting the cap on the Herr. Afterwards, instead of simply "Doctor of Music," on the famous violinist ought to have been conferred the degree of

"FIDDLE D.D."

Her Majesty's Omnibus.—Mr. Michael Davitt, in one of his recent harangues, declared that by having "carried the doctrines of Socialism into the heart of Britain," in retaliation of wrongs — "Ireland has put herself in the van of the glorious struggle." Quite so,—the Police Van.

Mrs. Ramsbotham says she never goes to Church on Ash Wednesday, as she objects to the Combination Service.

Moonlighters and Boycotters. — The Erinyes of Erin.



WHAT OUR ARTIST HAS TO PUT UP WITH.

Mr. Alderman Buggins. "What precious bosh they 're all torkin', with their Old Masters and Classical Music and stuff! Why, I 'd sooner have painted one o' your little Pictures of Modern Life than any Titian or Velasquez in the 'ole National Gallery."—(*Our Artist smiles, and thinks Mr. B. may not be such a rank Philistine, after all.*)—"And I 'd sooner have composed '*Two Lovely Black Eyes*' than all 'Andel and 'Aydn's Oratorios put together!" [*Our Artist smiles no longer.*

THE VOICE OF PEACE.

"I speak of Peace!" Great Prince, and wherefore not?
Not even you escape the common lot,
Of vocal man in these loquacious days,
When Moltke, Son of Silence, deigns to praise
A two hours' talk from his grim comrade's mouth!
Watching that towering form, that mighty drouth,
Scarcely assuaged by endless S-and-B's,
Fancy, whose genial current nought can freeze,
Bacchus and Barbarossa somehow blends,
Thor and the god of Thirst.
The oration ends,
And thunders of applause the Thunderer hail.
Like a Thor-hammer-thump on martial mail,
Was every vocal stroke of that strong tongue,
Which never faltered, never lisped or hung,
In weakness or in wandering. Mighty *Vox!*
Strength of the lion, shrewdness of the fox,
Mix in that measured unimpassioned tone.

It speaks of Peace,—and armaments have grown,
Fast at its every utterance year by year,
Whether it lashed to pride or scourged to fear.
Peace! But the "covert enmity" of hosts,
Who counter menaces and bandy boasts,
"Under the smile of safety wound the world."
Those hosts against each other hotly hurled,
Twenty years hence, to-morrow—who shall say?—
Will—fight for Peace as you have fought to-day.
Poor Peace! Her frankest friend must slur and gloss. [foes?
If such her champions, what shall prove her
Fancy with whimsy thoughts such speech will mock,
A mail-clad shepherd piping to a flock,—
Scattered upon the hill-side near and far,
Steel-cased against the wandering wolves of War,—
Pastoral ditties, scarce seems more absurd.
As for the Dove, that emblematic bird,
Spurred like a game-cock with auxiliar steel,
Sharpened and set for fight from beak to heel,
Herds with the eagles, hovers with the hawks,
Or with the ravens croaks, the vultures stalks.
"I speak of Peace!" Yes, as the saw-toothed pike,
With eye keen watchful, jaw prepared to strike,
Might as the carp-pond's guardian blandly pose.
The wanderer in the wilderness may close
His wearied eyes a moment, scarcely more,
When round the watch-fire lions rove and roar. [flame,
The gleaming brands, the quick and crackling
The hungry prowlers scare but cannot tame.
Let the protective gleam a moment die,
And ware the pattering foot, the flaming eye!
They in the shadows will no longer lurk,
Sharp tooth and claw right soon will be at work.
Sweet Shepherd, little boot these pastoral songs; [than true wrongs,"
"They bring smooth comforts false, worse
If taken in a too Arcadian sense.
You do not pipe them for the slow and dense,
"The still discordant wavering multitude."
Alternate dulcet soft and harshly rude,
Your accents variously oracular
The burden bear of Peace, the drift of War.
E'en "the blunt monster with uncounted heads"
May hear the iron clash, the armèd treads
Of "fearful musters and prepared defence"
Between your honeyed words. These hosts immense
Will not for ever chorus "Lovely Peace,"
However fugled. No, they never cease,
These hymnings of the Olive-branch all round.
Curious to hear the voice of War's red hound
Tuned to the friendly house-dog's cheery bark!
But is the foe less near, the night less dark?

Rio Tinto.—If the disturbances in these mines (now, happily for everybody concerned, at an end), had continued, the name would have been changed to the Riot In two Mines.

Shakspeare Re-versed.

"Oxford for Lancaster!"
(3. *Henry VI.* 5. 1.)
"Not Lankester for Oxford!"
Now the line must run.

Appropriate, just Now.—"G. O. M."—"Good Old Man!"

ENTER BISMARCK.

"I SPEAK OF PEACE, WHILE COVERT ENMITY,
UNDER THE SMILE OF SAFETY, WOUNDS THE WORLD;
AND WHO BUT 'BISMARCK,' WHO BUT ONLY I,
MAKE FEARFUL MUSTERS AND PREPARED DEFENCE."

Henry the Fourth, Part II. (Induction).

ROBERT AND CARL ROSA.

OUR "ROBERT" is an awful temper, that is if we may judge of it by a brief and hurried note in pencil which he left at our office just the last moment before going to press, and then hurried off before any one could inquire of him what he meant by it. We give the note *in extenso:*—

"Just erd of advert. in *Times*, edded 'KARL ROSER Oprer Kumpny,' as sez, kwotin from the *Liverpool Hekker*, '*Robert the D——l*' (wich I blush to menshun) 'at the Kort Theayter.' Then it goes on a praysin hevrythink and hevryboddy, and speshully 'Maddum BURNESS fine singing of "*Robert, O my beloved Robert!*"' My better arf's horful hashytatered about it. She asks me hoo's Maddum BURNS, and what she meens by singing of "ROBERT, O her beloved ROBERT." Xkuse aste, wich is the konskence of urry an wurry, as I'm orf to insult a Solister. More nex week on this subjik. "ROBERT."

"PLAY TIME."

"ALL work and no play makes JACK a dull boy,"—and some works and some plays I could mention would have the same effect on JACK, for the matter of that,—and so a little play now and then, say an occasional tragedy in four or five Acts, is just the thing to enliven our poor, JACK who found the very thing in the dramatic sensation produced last week at the Opéra Comique—need I say Mrs. CAMPBELL PRAED's four-act drama of *Ariane*. The production of the work is a sign of the times, and, whether good or bad, opens up a discussion, on problems of dramatic Art and moral teaching, not easy of solution. But of this anon—or "in our next"—as it may chance.

Ariane! Who gave her that name? Mrs. CAMPBELL PRAED. Whence came it? Evolved from her own inner consciousness—*Ariadne* with the little "d" left out. Coming to know who and what *Ariane* is, the name is happily chosen for its suggestion of Greek humanism. For this English play—not yet to be correctly described as "so English, you know"—is but a phase in the gradual development of the Naturalism of the Age,—Naturalism not pure and simple, but impure and complex. It is a powerfully interesting drama, played by a set of characters none of whom are conscious of their responsibility to any power, outside themselves, higher than a legally authorised tribunal.

In this play, not to speak it profanely, "there is none that doeth good, no not one,"—and yet who, that has any "knowledge of the world," as the phrase goes, can doubt but that the authoress has given us very real types of character, and in order to prevent as far as possible the objections of the English *Pecksniffs* and *Podsnaps*, and to suit the dish to Philistine taste, she has spiced it with an artful dash of subtle foreign flavour by calling her worst villain,—the scoundrelly old father,—the *Chevalier de Valence*, and the second blackguard, the would-be co-respondent, *Sir Leopold d'Acosta*. Bolder and worthier of her purpose would it have been, had Mrs. PRAED called her heroine's father and lover by plain English names.

Except that no one can help chuckling at the manner of that atrocious old reprobate,—the *Chevalier*—admirably played by M. MARIUS—there is nothing to relieve the sadness of the piece. Its "Society" characters, who are merely accessories of the picture, talk too like real "Society people" to be amusing, and, indeed, such dialogue in the drama as is not essential to its action is tedious, and this in proportion to the interest aroused in the spectator by the acting of the principal characters. Mr. LEONARD BOYNE, in spite of a slight Irish brogue,—hardly perhaps in keeping with his somewhat Italian Hebraic title "*D'Acosta*,"—is an intensely earnest "lover"—profanation it is to use such a word for such a character! For Mrs. BERNARD BEERE as *Ariane*—"not a moral woman, not a religious woman—I would I were!" she says of herself—I have nothing but praise. Absolutely, her impersonation is faultless. I can think of no Actress on the English Stage who could even rival her in this sad, pitiful, miserable part. The Actress awakes our compassion for *Ariane* in her trials, our sincere regret that the life of such a woman, who might have been so good and true, should have been so utterly thrown away. Mrs. BEERE's is a realistic performance of the very highest order. And so too is Mr. HENRY NEVILLE's impersonation of the sodden sot of a husband. I do not know in which of the four Acts he is best, so excellent, without the slightest exaggeration, is he in all. And the audience from, stalls to gallery were with this poor wretch of a husband, the victim of a cruel plot, when he vowed amendment, implored forgiveness, and then turned fiercely on the man who stood between him and his wife. But PACE the inevitable discussion which must arise, and quite understanding the objections to it, I like the play, though I doubt if it will ever be popular. What I do say, emphatically, is this, that any one who wishes to seriously study the art of acting, should see Mrs. BERNARD BEERE, M. MARIUS, and Mr. HENRY NEVILLE, in Mrs. CAMPBELL PRAED's *Ariane*.

It is difficult, though possible, to have too much of a good thing, but I must return for one evening to *The Winter's Tale* at the Lyceum, because I read that our MARY ANDERSON is leaving us. All, therefore, who want to see what *Perdita* ought to be—should haste to the Lyceum. Who was it said that "the dancing on the stage at present might be described as ungraceful or disgraceful: the merely graceful has vanished,"—who said this? It has been said; but there are some people who will see nothing and say anything, and most certainly as long as MARY ANDERSON can dance as *Perdita* at the rustic festival (it is all good every step of it), so long will there be the very model of artless unstudied grace in dancing on the stage. Never was there dancing so unstagey. The moral is, haste to the Lyceum and, before she is off to America, catch our MARY on the hop.

Yours, JACK-IN-THE-BOX.

EX-AUSTIN.

IT appears from the *Tablet* that a Correspondent has paid a visit to Canterbury on the "courteous invitation" of Mr. W. J. AUSTIN, Surveyor to the Dean and Chapter (which he accepted with "considerable pleasure,") to inspect "the recent find of bones supposed to be those of St. Thomas of Canterbury." He writes that he was ushered into a drawing-room where he found a complete human skeleton "almost reverently laid out." "Almost,"—not quite,—then the skeleton must have been laid out with something less than reverence! Further, it appears that the "find of bones" ("the find of bones!") was placed in a drawing-room "in old times a hall." It has also transpired that the remains were at first laid in the dining-room, where they must have been a veritable skeleton at the feast. It is to be hoped that, to conceal their suggestiveness, they were not hidden amongst the contents of the cellarette. If this were indeed the case (and there is no limit to "less than reverence"), the house of the Surveyor might be appropriately labelled for the future, "Decanterbury."

OPERA CROP PROSPECTS.

Is it because the West End cannot support two concurrent pantomimes, that *Jack* has cut down his Beanstalk in the Garden and left *Puss-in-Boots* in possession of the Lane? Or is it that the stage of Covent Garden Theatre is required at once for the extensive preparations already occupying the mind of mighty DRURIOLANUS, who, it rejoices *Mr. Punch's* heart to hear, is bent on restoring the good old times, and the good old tunes too, of Italian Opera,—"Good old Operas"—as they used to be, when PATER AUGUSTI DRURIOLANI ruled on the stage and Sir MICHAEL COSTA was King of the Winds and Strings in the orchestra. Already first-rate names are announced. "A" stands for ALBANI, always "A 1," and also for ARNOLDSON. *Prosit!*

Rhyme for Ratepayers.

HOORAY, Mr. DIGGLE,
No wonder we giggle,
Such good news you've brought us all round.
For Ratepayers laugh,
To see such fine sport,
As a penny knocked off in the pound!

ENOUGH TO DRIVE ONE WILD!—These "diplomatic changes," Lord LANSDOWNE to India, *vice* Lord DUFFERIN, Lord STANLEY to Canada, Baron DE WORMS to the seat vacated by Lord STANLEY; then changes at the Hague, at Athens, Belgrade, and Rio Janeiro, and moving about all round just in the second month of the year, is really enough to make WHITAKER tear his hair; and as for Mr. HAZELL, who has only just brought out his useful annual Cyclopædia, and whose motto is, "Avaunt, perplexity!" it is enough to give him what THEODORE HOOK's Mrs. RAM, Grandmother to our "Mrs. R.," called "a fit of perplexity," and she added, "Luckily there was a surgeon present who at once opened his jocular vein." How to get these new matters into his Cyclopædia is a Hazell-nut to crack. These Diplomatists have no compassion for poor compilers. They look on such useful works in the sort of way that Prince BISMARCK says he regards the Press, as "so much printers' ink."

ON account of having to dance attendance during the Session in the Dublin Law Courts, a certain Irish M.P. will be known in future as "Mr. TOR-AND-HEALY."

SIR CARDINAL AND THE BIG BIG "G."

MISERY AND ITS MEASURERS.

The Views of Jack Calliper, Operative out of Employ.

"There is no doubt that different opinions are entertained with reference to the extent of want of employment, and of the distress which exists. Some allege that it is excessive, and vast in its extent; others that it is no more than is normal and inevitable in a great town with varying employment."
—*Lord Herschell, in introducing to Lord Salisbury at the Foreign Office a Deputation from Earl Compton's Committee on the existing Distress.*

Exceptional or normal? Well, you see,
I do not know that it much interests me,
That mighty question;
Tramping long hours through London's frost and mire
An "Unemployed,"—no work, no food, no fire,
I raise my plaint, and these great men—Inquire,
Form deputations, talk, but no suggestion
Yet greets my ear
Of help immediate, practical and clear.

Clear! After reading all they say, I find
That rather more than ever my poor mind
Is in a muddle.
Perhaps 'tis cold and hunger makes me dense.
Words will not warm when chilled in soul and sense
Sheltered by some dark entry, arch, or fence,
Like birds in winter, half-starved creatures huddle,
Or lounge and lurk
About this busy Babylon, "Out of Work."

I'm out, whoever's in—*that* fact is clear;
And careful "averages," I greatly fear,
Won't mend my trouble.
What is the "normal" quantum of distress,
That none need fuss about, I cannot guess.
Whether 'tis what now reigns, or more, or less,
The sum of last year's woe, or half, or double,
Herschell may ask,
I have no heart, my Masters, for the task.

It may not be "exceptional," perhaps,
That many thousands of us labouring chaps
Can find no labour.
Goschen may see in arithmetic quest
No end of "intellectual interest;"
I know there's misery in my own home-nest,
That in that misery I have many a neighbour;
And that's enough
To make me sick of mere statistic stuff.

When Salisbury was out he held, I think,
That it was Government's duty not to shrink
From boldly tackling
This demon of Distress. Well, now he's in,
'Tis time the tackling business should begin.
But I suppose he finds—how "Outs" will grin!—
That ties of office are a trifle shackling—
At least, it seems
He holds his own old promises wild dreams.

Then he "would do his utmost to promote"
Our views about relief works. Worth a vote!—
But is he planning
Practical carrying out of those same views?
Nay, now 'tis quite another pair of shoes.
Countenance to heresy he must refuse,
And with a sneer he's down upon poor Manning,
Help on whose pattern
Would only do in Jupiter or Saturn.

There's no such difficult subject, so he says,
The Cardinal's "humanity" 's a craze.
To think of more law
Borrowed from counsellors who can't agree
Upon one single point, save that in Me
They have a "difficulty,"—well, you see
How the sneer fits! Fall back upon the Poor Law,
That blessed thing,
That to distress lends its most dreaded sting!

And Capital? And Caste? To seek the cause
Of misery in cold hearts and callous laws,
Mere Mammon-clutching,
Sweaters and speculators, slaves of sport,
Dives who, lest the banquet-spread run short,
Stints e'en the crumbs,—Cabinet, Church, and Court
Will tell us there be themes that won't bear touching;
The State they'd fire.
No,—we'll "consult our colleagues," we'll "inquire."

Inquire, inquire, my Masters! And meanwhile
We in blank Misery's face must stare, and smile
Till inquest formal
Finds out if the Distress that racks our hearts
Means over-population, failing marts,
Our own unthrift, paupers from foreign parts;
And whether, after all, 'tis more than "normal."
Who'd fear to fall
Crushed by a Curse that's "not exceptional?"

Whether we have a "natural right," or not,
To anything beyond our burial plot—
To life, or labour—
Our masters do not seem at all agreed,
Some hold that the sharp pinch of utmost need,
Gives to the starving valid right to feed,
Some moral claim upon his happier neighbour.
Others again,
Oppose the idea with all their heart—or brain.

"Headless and heartless!" cries the Cardinal;
Then on him tooth and nail the pundits fall;
He's "sentimental,"
A fault that caps all crime, and that must bring
A "cataclysm" down on everything.
So to Society's good our suffering,
Seems something absolutely incidental!
The Poor's impiety,
May one day doubt thy right, divine Society!

Thy right divine to tax our toil and tears,
For some unknown "infinity of years,"
Just to keep stable
Thy precious pyramid whose spreading base,
Is raised by the crushed helots of our race;
Wealth crowns the lofty peak with gold and grace.
Beware my Masters, lest, like a new Babel,
Headlong it fall,
When misery really gets "exceptional!"

UNEMPLOYED!

The Plaint of a Pretty Girl.

[A writer on Fashions says that Bridesmaids are to be abolished.]

Great Hymen! The Bridesmaid abolished?
Then Civilisation 's played out!
All is up with the pretty and polished;
Make way for Old Maids and the Gout!
If Cupid's delectable *cultus*
Is verily thus on the wane,
What use for the saps to insult us
With talk of the triumphs of Brain?
Out on Art—though from far Yokohama,
On Dress, though from Paris it come!
If a Pretty Girl's part in the drama
Of Life is cut out, *they 're* all hum!
'Tother day it was weddings were stopping;
At least so the quill-drivers cried.
As rare as blue roses was "popping,"
As scarce as the Dodo a Bride.
But oh! if a Girl did not marry,
A Bridesmaid perchance she *might* be,
A bridal bouquet have to carry,
Be armed by some bachelor he,
Make one of the beautiful bevy
Who flocked round the altar in white;
But this last piece of news is so heavy
It darkens our last gleam of light.
Adieu to the Church and the Minster!
I must make up my mind, I'm afraid,
To live a disconsolate spinster,
And finish a dowdy Old Maid.
The Bridesmaid abolished? Then banish
Bright eye, ruddy lip, slender waist!
Let feminine vanity vanish—
Love, ten-buttoned gloves, and good taste!
For what is the use of such matters,
If Hymen is out of the hunt?
If men, who are all mad as hatters,
The altar refuse to confront?
If the world, in a mood suicidal,
With honeymoons utterly cloyed,
Resolves to abolish the Bridal,
And leaves Pretty Girls "Unemployed"?

AN IMPERIAL CATECHISM.

Intended for the use of the Mystified Colonist.

Q. There has been in a recent number of the *Times*, some stir created by a reference to the granting by Her Majesty of a charter to the Organising Committee of the "Imperial Institute." In the article dealing with the subject, it was stated that the outcome of the enterprise was held to be "the knitting more closely the ties which unite the various parts of the Empire, and the promoting its industrial and commercial industry!" Can you tell me what steps the aforesaid Organising Committee have taken to give practical effect to this desirable result?

A. They have collected a good dale of money, held several enterprising meetings, cleared a site at South Kensington on which they are about to erect a red brick building, with a large tower and rooms intended for the reception of raw and other Colonial produce, and passed some general resolutions of a happy and hopeful, if of an airy character.

Q. Quite so. Then you do not think, though the Organising Committee are in process of getting a Charter granted to the "Imperial Institute," that they have any very definite idea of what sort of an undertaking they are endeavouring to set upon its legs.

A. No, I do not. I believe they entertain some vague fancy that now and then an occasional intending emigrant or Colonist happening to be in London, will go down to South Kensington for the purpose of inspecting some specimen of timber, corn, wool, or even furniture, not produced by the home country, and will be much edified by his visit.

Q. And do you think that this vague fancy, if realised, will largely contribute to the "knitting more closely the ties which unite the various parts of the Empire" that the Organising Committee propose to effect.

A. No. Honestly, I cannot say that I think it will.

Q. But there is allusion made to "Special Exhibitions," which will be held at the Institute annually, with a reference to the fact that "they ought to be made to pay for themselves" from the money taken at the doors. As the public will hardly crush in to look at a few second-hand Colonial Maps and products, can you conceive what sort of an entertainment the Committee have in their eye to propose, with a view to drawing a crowded audience?

"RESPONSIBILITY."

Grandmamma (quoting last School Report). "'Idle!—Insubordinate!—Playing Truant!' Oh, Herbert! I was shocked to hear this! And your Papa and Mamma, how distressed they must have been!—and you their only Child too! When you ought, on that account, to be all the more a comfort to them."

Herbert. "Oh yes, Gran'ma', 's all very fine! But it 's rather rough on a Fellow to have to be so jolly Good for a lot of Bro'ers an' Sis'ers he hasn't got!!"

AN EYE FOR PROPORTION.

"Come in and have some Lunch, Professor. My Husband will lend you a Paie of Trousers, if yours are wet."

"My dear Mrs. Poynts! Why, I'm twice your Husband's size!" "Two Paies then!"

A. No. I own that the problem is one that has fairly puzzled me.

Q. I am not surprised. Do you think, however, they will again have recourse to the Coloured Lights, Military Bands, and general tea-garden attractions of the good old "South Kensington Ring" times, or that, failing the outdoor accommodation for such a programme, they will fall back upon some well-considered scheme, that would at one and the same time maintain to a certain degree the dignity of the Institute and yet tickle the public taste?

A. Yes, now that I come to reflect upon the matter, I should say they would decidedly do this, and probably inaugurate their experiment with at least a series of appropriate dissolving views accompanied possibly by a comic song or two for the purpose of investing the whole with a little lively interest. They might even introduce judiciously a little Nigger Minstrelsy.

Q. That is an excellent suggestion. May I ask what has induced you to make it?

A. Certainly. I noted that the name of the Archbishop of York figured prominently among those of the distinguished but heterogeneous crowd of gentlemen who constitute the Organising Committee. I naturally associated his Grace with that sombre and respectable form of recreation that is characteristic of the dissolving view.

Q. And the introduction of the "comic song or two," and "the little Nigger Minstrelsy," to which you referred?

A. Was inspired solely by seeing the name of the Lord Mayor.

Q. Quite so. You refer, however, to the names of the members of the Organising Committee, and you have doubtless read some of them with astonishment, if not with pleasure. Can you tell me, for instance, why that of the President of the Royal Academy should figure on the list?

A. No; I cannot for the life of me imagine any conceivable reason why it should.

Q. You do not recognise any connection by which the discharge of his functions as the acknowledged head of the artistic world in the country marks him out specially as a fitting representative of a scheme organised for the purpose of "knitting more closely the ties which unite the various parts of the Empire"?

A. No; I most certainly do not.

Q. Then you regard the constitution of the Organising Committee as a little bit "mixed"?

A. Yes, as I do their ideas of the undertaking they are organising as a little bit "muddled."

Q. And you do not look very hopefully on either the near or remote prospects of the "Imperial Institute"?

A. No, I cannot say that I do. I regard it in the present as a big-sounding name, meaning nothing, to conjure with, and nothing more.

Q. And what effect do you think, when fairly started, it is likely to have on the Colonist of the future.

A. I should say that, when fairly started, it would mystify him considerably.

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

No, no, *Paul Patoff* won't do after *Marzio's Crucifix*. It may or may not compare favourably with Mr. Marion Crauford's other novels with which I am unacquainted, but it is a novel so distinctly inferior in style and construction to *Marzio's Crucifix*, that it might have been written by a different hand. It begins capitally, and the interest of the story is well sustained up to the discovery of "my long lost brother" without the "strawberry mark on his left arm"; but after this it is, as it were, one long anti-climax. Of *Marzio's Crucifix* you can, indeed you must, read every line, but with *Paul Patoff* the habitual novel-reader may take plenty of exercise in the way of skipping almost all the pages where he does not see any dialogue leading up to a situation. *A propos* of dialogue, *Professor Cutter's* opinion (whether it be the author's or not, I cannot pretend to say) on "puns" might have pleased Dr. Samuel Johnson, but would not have been considered flattering by Shakspeare. A mere punster who is perpetually punning in season and out of season, is, of course, as great a nuisance as the stupid person who has got by heart a considerable portion of Shakspeare's plays, and who interrupts every conversation with inopportune quotations; but such puns as Sheridan, Hook, Hood, and, in our own time H. J. Byron could make, were mirth-moving, and frequently the occasion of their utterance gave the word-play all the condensed force of a neatly-turned satirical epigram. "Those who cry out against the play on words as an unnatural and affected invention," says Schlegel on the *jeux de mots* of Shakspeare, "only betray their own ignorance of original nature." The characters, including this Professor, who is unintentionally a bore, are not drawn with a Marion Crauford-like touch, vigorous and incisive, but are rather ordinary puppets from the stock-in-trade of the professional novelist. They are not Craufordian figures, but common Marionettes.

The Author of *By Virtue of his Office*, writes to say that he did not make his *Miss Verity* claim to be the author of *The Children's Cry* in one of *Mr. Punch's* numbers, but that when this young lady blushingly owns the soft impeachment of having written something, at all events, in the particular issue alluded to in the novel, she didn't mean *The Children's Cry* by one of *Mr. Punch's* dear clever Boys, but the poem in which there was as much soul as in Browning's *Cry of the Children*. I hope this is perfectly clear to somebody.

The second volume of the Henry Irving *Shakspeare*, which is being issued by Messrs. Blackie, is just out. Unfortunately I was "just out" when it arrived, and could only glance at its contents on my return to office. The illustrations by Gordon Browne seem to me excellent compositions, dramatic, but not theatrical. The plentiful annotations, prefaces, histories, and explanations, are by Mr. Frank Marshall, assisted by Mr. P. Z. Round, so that, as Mr. Marion Crauford's *Professor Cutter* might say, "we have the statements and facts duly Marshalled, and the result should be good all Round."

I've read two out of the *Four Ghost Stories*, by Mrs. Molesworth. The first is commonplace; I've known the ghost of that old lady in the lumber-room for years, but Mrs. Molesworth's description of "brushing past a ghost on the stairs," suggests a new sensation; otherwise it did not make my flesh creep, as the immortal "Fat Boy in *Pickwick*" said—(fancy a set of ghost stories by the Fat Boy!)—and as to the second story,—well, I had heard it before. I began the third Ghost Story last night, but the interest it aroused up to the sixteenth page was not sufficient to keep me sitting up to finish the tale. Just wait till I bring out my *Haunted House with ten Ghost Storeys and a Lift!* that will make your hair stand on end like quills—no, like steel pens in the "reversible pen-cleaner," a most useful invention, by the way. More in my next, unless press of business compels me to transfer some odd volumes to another critic who will not sign himself, as I do,

Baron de Book Worms.

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